

^{s?}l_p^aS⁵l C^{ThE} SoUL OF MAN.] NOSCE TEIPSUM!
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But it on Her ! not She qn It depends I
For She the Body doth sustain and
cherish. Such secret powers of life to it,
She lends; That when they fail, then
doth the Body perish !

Since, then, the Soul works by herself alone,
Springs not from Sense, nor Humours well
agreeing;
Her nature is peculiar, and her own.
She is a Substance ! and a Perfect Being !

But though this Substance be the root of Sense,
That the Sense knows her not! (which doth but
bodies know)
lpi?it^s ^a She is a Spirit, and a heavenly influence ;
Which from the fountain of GOD's Spht
doth flow.

She is a Spirit; yet not like air, or wind !
Nor like the spirits about the heart or
brain ! Nor like those spirits which
alchemists clo find, When they, in
everything, seek gold, *in vain*!

For She, all natures under heaven doth pass;
Being like those spirits, which GOD's bright
face do see ! Or like Himself! whose Image
once She was, Though now, alas, She scarce
his Shadow be.

Yet of the foims, She holds the first
degree, That are to gross material
bodies knit; Yet She herself is
bodiless and free ! And, though
confined, is almost infinite!

Were She a Body, how could She remain That it
Within this body, which is less than She?
^aBody.^{be} Or how could She, the world's great
shape contain ; And in our narrow breasts
contained be ?

All bodies are confined within some
place; But She all place within herself
confines ! All bodies have their
measure and their space; But who can
draw the Soul's dimensive lines ?